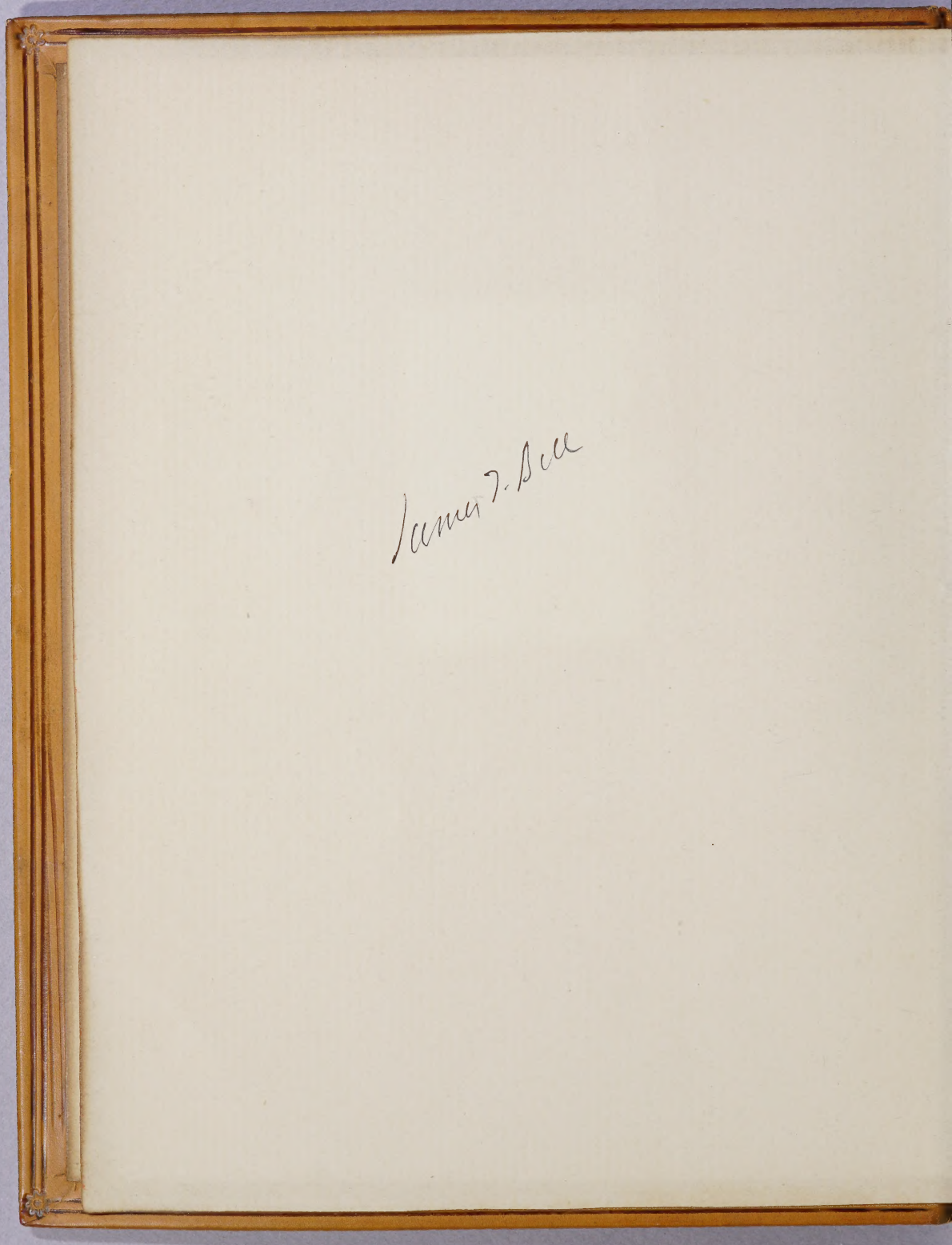
KERR & RICHARDSON LTD GLASGOW

Edenburgh

Dillwyn Parkinson & Co.
No. 172

John Carter Brown
Library
Brown University


James T. Bell

8° 31

Captain Green's

LAST

CONFERENCE

WITH

Captain Madder,

His first Mate,

IN

The Tolbooth of *EDINBURGH.*

Discite justitiam moniti, &c. Virg. Æn. 6.

EDINBURGH,

Printed by *James Watson,* in the Year 1705.

Captain Green's

LAST

CONFERENCE

WITH

Captain Murder,

His first Mate,

IN

The Tolbooth of EDINBURGH.

Dulcis inflictum meritis, &c. Virg. Æn. 6.

EDINBURGH,

Printed by James Watson, in the Year 1705.

Captain Green's *laſt Conference with Captain* Madder, *&c.*

Capt. Gr. *Hei mihi namque mori miſerum eſt!*
Capt. Mad. *Aude aliquid brevibus gyaris & carcere dignum,*
Si vis eſſe aliquis.------

Gr. IS this the vaſt Advantage we propos'd?
Is this the Event of the Trade we choos'd?
Was't for a luſty Rope we laid at Stake
The honeſt Gain 'twas in our Power to make?
Ah me! my tortur'd Breaſt begins to ſwell,
Rack'd with the Pains of an unbounded Hell,
To think I've done ſo bad, and might, done well:
Curſe on his empty Head and wicked Brain,
Contriv'd our Ruin, which he call'd our Gain.
Ma.] Damme if I repent, what I have done;
England, by what I looſe, has vaſtly won:
And now, methinks, I ſee my Name appear
Splendid and Great in th' *Engliſh* Calender,
Written in ſhining Golden Letters there.
We've ruin'd *Scotland*, and it juſtly may
Take (as we've ta'en it's Trade) our Lives away:
And as we ſometime ſhed the *Scottiſh* Blood;
So now we ſhed our own for *England*'s Good:
We're Martyrs for our Country------
Gr.] ----- Never ſay't!
Scotland's your Country, and you've it betray'd.
Ma.] Malicious Pow'rs! Wretch'd Fate! that needs would give
Life to me, where I hate as Hell to live!
Scotland my Country! that I cannot hear!
But if it is, my Countrey I'll forſwear;

Scotſmen are brave indeed, and ſo am I;
Witneſs how bravely I reſolve to die.
Gr. What an unchriſtian Braveneſs do you ſhew!
Scotſmen are brave, but they are Chriſtians too.
Ma.] Yes; and in that we differ; for you ſee
They're honeſt, what I never yet could be.
Lord! What a mighty Work they made to try
If we were Pirats, and deſerv'd to dye!
How oft muſt we at their curſt Bar appear,
And, ſpight of Hell, with Manly Patience hear
Our own baſe Slaves detect our Villainie,
While their hoarſe *Damſter* formally would cry,
They're proven guilty, and deſerve to die.
Yet ſtill they fear'd, and ſtood in awe to do't;
England or Heaven might avenge our Blood;
So we muſt back to Priſon, there remain,
Till they were pleas'd we ſhould appear again.
Curſe on that tedious Honeſty! for I
Would rather choſen at the firſt to die,
Than have them thus prolong'd from day to day
A poor precarious Life that will away?
Had I them but aboard, and in my Pow'r,
I could have cut their Throats in half an hour:
Nor would I ever vex my ſelf to know
If I in doing't, were a Knave or no.
Gr.] It by the Event does too plain appear,
Scotland did Heaven more than *England* fear. [*Sighs.*
Ma.] But why that Sigh? Whence all this Piety?
Are you yet fond of Life? Affraid to die!
What's Life! an empty Triffle; what is Death?
The outmoſt Bound of Life, a Puft of Breath:
To live, is to prolong our Miſery,
Which ends, and we're at Reſt ſo ſoon's we die.
Gr.] Life! Death! Hell! Furies! All's a Jeſt to thee,
Who liv'd a Villain, and as ſuch would die. *Ma.*]

Ma. Good Maſter Captain, are you then at Hell?
By Jove I'll leave you there, and ſo Farewell.
And yet I muſt not leave you in this ſort,
Thus you'll be *Englana*'s Scourge, and *Scotland*'s Sport.
If once you're Pious, then adieu to all
That we can Gallant or Heroick call;
The Prieſt and Conſcience then with you'll do more
Than Racks and Tortures e're could do before
You'll humbly then confeſs the Ill you've done,
At whoſe Advice the Miſchief was begun,
And by whoſe Influence 'twas carry'd on;
Big Villainies diſcover; bring to light
What ſhould be hid in everlaſting Night.
O! die a Man!-----

Gr. -----So I deſign to do;
But like a Chriſtian Man, and not like you.

Ma.] Unmanly thing! bring you that poor pretence
Of Chriſtianity for your Defence?
A Villains Courſe you hitherto have run,
Sin'd deep, till you have you and yours undone,
Tread the ſtraight way to Hell, and yet pretend,
That you'll find Heaven at your Journey's end:
Or think you, that you can by ſinning more,
Gain Pardon for the Ills you've done before?
O! No! Nor have you yet ſo hugely ſinn'd,
As to betray your Patron and your Friend;
Keep free of that one Sin; I ask no more;

Gr.] Your wicked Counſel *Madder*, I abhor.

Ma. Alas! you're Pious! yes, I ſee it's true!
You're Pious, 'ſpight of all that I can do:
But O! reflect, and think you've liv'd a Man!
Then ſigh and die a Chriſtian if you can.

Gr.] I think! Alas I think! By that alone,
My Breaſt is tortur'd, I my ſelf undone:

I ever think I ſee before mine Eyes,
Poor *Drummond* dying, hear his diſmal Cryes:
I ſee his mangled Members, ript up Breaſt,
His Eye-balls poſting to eternal Reſt;
His ſwelling Heart juſt burſting, while his eyes
Languiſh and faint, and ſhew the Caitiff dies:
His Head now from his Body ſeparate,
Looks grim, and tells me of a future State,
Breaths out Revenge, and tells me plainly I,
As I deſerve, ſhall unregarded die:
His reeking Blood all ſcatter'd ev'ry where,
Yet hot puts up a dire, but fervent Pray'r;
Cryes Vegeance! Blood and Murder rends my Breaſt,
Diſtracts my Soul, and robbs my Thoughts of reſt!
Such gloomie Thoughts poſſeſs me all the day;
Yet worſe torment me when ſweet Light's away:
My waking Thoughts rove when depriv'd of Light
Through all the Mazes of eternal Night.
Death ever ſtands before me, and diſplays
A thouſand Racks, and Pains a thouſand ways:
Hell's ſulphrous Jaws are ready to receive
My Soul, and ſnatch my Body from the Grave:
But if my wakeful Eyes to reſt incline,
O! then my Pain's extreme! no Rack's like mine!
Dire Phantoms haunt me! and ſtern Spectres gape,
Monſters of horrid Form, and frightful Shape;
Huge Demons all, both terrible and great,
Black as my Crimes, and cruel as my Fate;
Lightning and Tempeſts from their eyes do flie,
Each Look's a pointed Thunderbolt at me;
How terribly their fiery Eye-balls roll,
Diſtract my Breaſt, and tear my very Soul;
How wickedly they gape and rage, while I,
Loſt in Deſpair, and wild deſtractions ly:

At laſt they vaniſh from before mine Eyes,
And going, rend the Heavens with their cries;
Thunder and Storms diſturb the gloomie Air,
When e'er the horrid Monſters diſappear.
And now they're gone! but only went away
To ſend Ten Thouſand Devils worſe than they.
The Scene now ſhifts, and preſently appear
Thouſands of Devils roving in the Air:
Swelling with Rage and Fury, they begin
To plague me with a Tale of all my Sin:
Huge Piles of Fire at my Face they throw,
Hot as that Hell the Damned undergo.
Then through wild Regions wretched I am toſt,
Where nought is found but Ice and ſtormy Froſt,
Till I am chill'd to death; when that is done,
Impriſon'd in the Body of the Sun;
Where I am kept and ſcorch't to that degree
That even the Damn'd themſelves muſt pity me.
Next through far diſtant Regions of the World,
By wild malicious Demons I am hurl'd;
They drag me Limb from Limb, and ev'ry Part,
Feels, with too exquiſit a Senſe the Smart,
Each Particle's a ſcorch't and tortur'd Heart:
Thouſands of Imps, with red hot Pincers tear
My fleſh, and toſs my Bones in open Air.
I'm ſtraight reſtor'd entire; but all the Pain
That follows on my former Toils, remain.
Then do they voley Curſes at my head,
And roar and gaze as if they'd look me dead:
All Hell ſurrounds me, plagues me ſo, that I
For *Drummond*'s Death, a thouſand Deaths muſt die.
My Devils more than Legion, and my breaſt
Too ſlender to contain the roaring Gueſt.

Ma.] All this you dream't Sir!------

Gr.] ------ Now what ſhall I ſay; *(aſide to him.*
He'll laugh himſelf to Death before the day
'Tis all but Fancy, and a Dream

Ma.] ----And you,
Muſt vex your ſelf in *D*ream and Waking too.
Ask the wiſe Prieſts, conſult you ev'ry day,
If you ſhould waſte your precious Time away
On *D*reams and Fancies: I'd turn Pious too,
If idle Dreams ſuch mighty Feats could do:
But after all my Dreams, I never can
Turn puny Chriſtian, and renounce the M :
But why do you your Torments antidate?
Run more than half the Way to meet your Fate!

Gr. Heav'ns Vengeance! *Scotland*'s juſt Reſentments drive
Me to a thouſand Deaths, while yet alive.

Ma.] Pain ever comes too ſoon, nor ſhall I e're
Diſtract my ſelf with Thoughts of wild Deſpair.
Haſten your Pain you may, but I deſign
That I'll with manly Patience wait on mine.

F I N I S.

D
Scott
172